

R E V I E W.

Saturday, November 8. 1712.

THIS *Review*, by my Annual Custom, is sacred to the Memory of the Glorious King WILLIAM, it being the first after his Birth-Day, and Dedicated to his Name; A Name, Immortal, as much from the Immortal Infamy of the *English* Name, as the Glory of its own: A Name! that Reproaches Men of Conscience with want of Honour; Men of Honour with want of Gratitude, and Men of Gratitude with want of Sense.

To see *Tories* and *Jacobites*, to see *High-Flyers* and persecutors, to see Mad-Men and Tyrants forget, or despise, or Reproach his Memory, is nothing but what the Nature of the Thing implies, the Usage and Custom of the Party practises, and the Principles of the Men lead them to.

But to hear Men call themselves honest Men, boast Revolution-Principles, talk of keeping out the Pretender, and own their Privileges secur'd to them, by the great Undertaking of the Prince or *Orange*, and yet find them forget and slight the great Hand that secur'd it; this is so Unnatural, so Inconsistent, that I know nothing that resembles it, but the same People's forgetting, with the Instrument that wrought the Revolution, the God whose Providence directed it.

Nor can I forget to acknowledge here, that GOD and King William, in proportion to the degree of Influence they had in the Revolution, have their proportion'd Share in the Ingratitude; and the Sin of the Ingrateful, is also proportion'd after the same manner, viz. To the one, inconceivably, as the Author and first Mover of the Revolution, who gave motion to the Minds of Men at that Time, and made *Vox Populi* be so Unanimous at that Day, that, even to the Conviction of Enemies, it appear'd to be *Vox Dei*; and to the other, in its degree, as the Instrument in the Hand of Heaven, to whom, nevertheless, our Obligation was inexpressibly great, and such as could never be wiped out, but with a brand of the highest Ingratitude, I mean that one Man is capable of to another.

Indred, as King William could not expect, but that they, who forgot the Debt of Praises and Obedience which they ow'd to their Maker, for the Advantages

of the Revolution, should forget the Debt to himself who was but the Instrument in the Hand of Heaven to Execute his Decrees in it; so neither can we expect, but that they, who forgot their Gratitude to King William, should add Sin to Sin, and forget the Original and the Agent both together.

If it seems strange to you, that I Reproach both Parties with Ingratitude, let me ask both Parties, whether the Memory of the Revolution remains equally upon your Minds, as before? The luke-warm Croud stand wavering between the Revolution and the Pretender, ready to unravel the first, and cry Hosannah to the last, on the first Popular Occasion; the abjuring Ignorant Justice of Peace, tells you, he would never have Abjur'd him, if he had thought he had been King James's Son; then reflects on King William, for saying he was a Bastard, and promising to prove it, but omitting that proof; tho' King William neither said the first, or declin'd the last, but the other run away, declin'd the Enquiry, and render'd it impracticable.

How have his best Actions been unravell'd, and cover'd with Dirt and Reflection even by another Party? How has the Partition Treaty, the best Peace that ever was made for this Nation, been bandy'd about by prejudic'd *Tories*, ignorant *Whigs*, and the Mountebank States-Men of our Modern Parties, till the Reproaches laid upon the Treaty, have reach'd the Person that made it? How has the care he took of the Dissenters, by passing a Legal Toleration, been insulted by their own Friends, in giving their Liberties up in the Occasional Bill?

How have we reject'd his Measures, both in War and in Peace, till Heaven hath chastis'd us for both, by letting us gain Victory without Success, carry on the War without Advantage, and make Peace without Agreement?

Would King William have join'd with the Men of this Generation? Would he have hung back from a Treaty, till the Treaty had hung back from him? Would he have attack'd Landreux before Maubeuge, refus'd Dunkirk as a Pledge, and broke off a Treaty for want of an Answer in Writing?

Would

Would King William have consented to have put the Spanish Monarchy into the Hands of the Person of an Emperor of Germany, and thereby furnish'd the Jacobite Party with an Argument Unanswerable, for putting it into the Hands of the House of Bourbon?

No, Gentlemen, I that had the Honour to see his Majesty oftner than my jesting Friend G—— saw the out-side of the House he liv'd in, can assure you, it was his Majesty's settled Opinion, that the Spanish Monarchy ought not to be possess'd by the Emperor of Germany, any more than by a King of France, and he would have broke off from you all, rather than have done it; and why was this? But because his Majesty had a true, a Native, an Hereditary Zeal for the Protestant Religion, and the Interest of its Professors; and knew their true Interest also, better than any single Man that has been in the World since his Death, let him be of what Party he will,

His Zeal for your Safety, you Britains, and you Protestants, would not permit him to Erect any Popish Power to such a degree of Greatness: But had he liv'd, this Bone of Strife had been broken to pieces, and Britain with Holland, had shar'd such Portions of the Spoil, as had made them able Conjunctively, to have over-match'd all the Popish Powers of Europe.

This was his Majesty's View, and from this happy Origin I derive my Scheme, with which I have so often Confronted every Party among you, and of which I have so often shewn you the Reason to so little purpose.

Happy Contrivance! had it not been defeated by the Infatuation of Parties, by which, had his Majesty liv'd to pursue his own Measures, he had Reduc'd both the House of Bourbon and the House of Austria, to a Mediocrity of Power, ballanc'd so equally, as not to over-weigh one another; and the British and Dutch holding the Scale of Power, to preserve the Liberty, Religion, and Tranquillity of Europe; and this had been a Peace to purpose.

But Satan hindred! Hell envy'd the World the Glory of such a Reign, the Blessing of such a King, and the Felicity of such an End, to the Miseries of Europe.

For pushing and pursuing the Principles of this Glorious Prince, I hear a Thousand Reproaches among you, which, by it, are also levell'd at his Memory; and I count it my Glory, that what ye call Time-serving and Apostatizing, is cleaving close to the Lessons and Lectures of Europe's Interest, which I had

the Honour to learn from that Royal Instructor; Example it is you all despise, and for rejecting it, and his Deliverance, ye now justly suffer, and suffer more: Who shall pity you, till he sees you repent?

As for me, I can bear all your Reproach with the greatest Satisfaction, knowing my Hands are touch'd with Bribes; and that were King William now living, he would justify my Opinion, by own Royal Practice and Example; In this Foundation I rejoyce, under a Load of Scandal and Slane, and pursue my own Principles, without regard to Universal Clamour.

—Hic Murus abeneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere Culpa.

If your War goes on without Success, if your Peace is, (as ye call it) Dishonourable; if the Engagement is taken out of the Hands you would have it in; if the Canaanite is still in the Land; if you are still in Jeopardy for your Succession, and the Nation are Debauch'd in favour of the Pretender; if the Sham of Hereditary Right is Erected, instead of the Substance of the Revolution-Principle, and the Doctrine of Liberty and a Free Nation; thank your own inactive Conduct, thank your abandoning your Revolution Integrity, your forsaking the glorious Instrument of it, and remember for the Time to come that Heaven is now punishing this Nation with Division and irreconcilable Strife, for the worrying Death the Instrument of their former Deliverance, and despising the wise Measures upon which that Deliverance was wrought.

From this let me conclude, call it Prophecy or no, if you please, the time is coming when you shall have more occasion to remember and value the Merits of King William, and the Blessing of the Revolution than ever you had in your Lives.

Every Day his Memory revives; your dark Circumstances call him to your Minds; those that formerly Revill'd him, now call him the Immortal William: It would make any Man smile, and at the same time pity you, to see how you begin to see what it was ye insulted, and who slighted, and how Heaven is bringing you by the want of him, to remember you had such a Prince: When another does for you what he did, it is to be hoped, either you will be him better, or he may use you worse.